

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,  
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

---

# Kiss <sup>THE</sup> Little Ones FOR ME.

---

When the light of day has faded,  
Ere I close my eyes in sleep,  
Whether storm or calmness dwelleth  
On the bosom of the deep,  
Thoughts of home and those who love me,  
Daily occupy my mind,  
And convince me of my absence  
That I've left my heart behind!  
Oh! 'tis then I wish sincerely,  
That the birds which skim the sea,  
Could the words convey unto thee,  
"Kiss the little ones for me."

Kiss the little ones for me,  
Kiss the little ones for me,  
And remind them of their father,  
Kiss the little ones for me.

Fancy flies to scenes delightful,  
To my darling babes and thee,  
'Till I wonder if you ever  
Kiss the little ones for me.  
Yet in dreams I often see thee,  
Asking Him to bless and save  
All who plough the pathless ocean,  
From the dangers of the wave!  
After which you'll kindly take them,  
One by one sit on your knee,  
And remind them of their father,  
"Kiss the little ones for me."

Kiss the little ones for me,  
Kiss the little ones for me,  
And remind them of their father,  
Kiss the little ones for me.

---

A. W. AUNER'S  
CARD & JOB PRINTING ROOMS